



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1814.

NO. 31

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

I instantly got a bason and cold water, and began washing away the blood which continued to flow with such rapidity, that I requested a surgeon might be called in; to which the wounded man strongly objected, declaring I might as well send for an undertaker at once, well knowing those rascals, as he termed them, played into each others hands.

As declarations and opinions are frequently known to be at variance, so it happened in the present case; for though my relation had protested a belief that the surgeons and undertakers were leagued together, or rather, that the former promoted the latter's interest; yet, finding himself grow faint from the loss of blood, which continued flowing from the temple, he exclaimed, "Will no one fetch Gordon? or do you all wish to see me expire?" then throwing himself back upon the chair, and letting his arm fall in a lifeless position, sensation was for some moments totally suspended.

Mr. Gordon, fortunately, had been sent for, and arrived at this critical period. The mother and daughter both

flew towards him, exclaiming, "Oh, thank God! you are come: for heaven's sake, sir, bind up his temple. Oh, save my husband!"—"Oh save my dear papa!"

Mr. Gordon, with less humanity than I thought due to the afflicted parties, said, "Gud women, why ye will na let me approach my patient, who, if he be dead, requeres na my assistance; but I canna see the use of awle these noises." Then addressing himself to me, in the broad Scottish dialect, he desired me to inform him how the accident had occurred; which gave me so bad an opinion of his judgment, that I scarcely had patience to reply to the question, but, snatching up my hat, flew towards the counting-house, and desired one of the clerks to conduct me to the first surgeon in the town, convinced, by Gordon's speech and manner, that he was neither a man of abilities nor education.

In the office I only found a lad, about sixteen, who ran over about a dozen different names, at the close of which he came to that of Montgomery "And where," I exclaimed, "does he live? Is he great in his profession? Does he attend people of fortune and consequence?" Being answered in the affirmative, I desired him instantly to conduct me to the house, which fortunately was not two hundred yards from my wounded relation's.

A carriage was at the door, and an elderly gentleman going to step into it; "that is the doctor, sir," said the clerk. In a few words I related my business, and in less than five minutes we were with Mr. Mackintosh. The moment Gordon saw Doctor Montgomery enter, (for he was physician as well as surgeon,) he seemed to feel his own insignificance, and the doctor's importance. Re-animation had taken place, but the wound was bleeding copiously, although as many bandages had been applied as would have made a turban for the great Mogul. These were instantly removed by the doctor, who, placing his thumb hard upon the temple, suspended the circulation, to the astonishment of the ignorant practitioners, who, though the cause was evident, testified the utmost surprise at the effect. "Weel" exclaimed he, "Dooctor Montgomery, there is ceertaenle some charme in the tuche of yer thume! for arle the bendagees I appleeed wud na stap the bleeding, and wha cud ha thought that leetle member cud ha produced sic an effect."

Doctor Montgomery made no reply to this ignorant observation; but, turning to me inquired whether Mr. Mackintosh was to be placed under his or Mr. Gordon's care; adding, that as the case did not appear to require the aid of two surgeons, either himself or Mr. G—— must retire. I hesitated not a moment, but, slipping a guinea into Mr. Gordon's hand, informed him, that as he had not been able to stop the bleeding, I should place perfect confidence in Doctor Montgomery's superior skill.

The golden harvest Gordon had reaped, seemed to compensate for the mortification of dismissal, and he took his leave with a profusion of bows. Soon afterwards Doctor Montgomery began examining the wound of his patient, and found that a variety of small veins had not only been cut through, but that an injury had been done to the bone. He was immediately bled, though it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to consent to the operation, from having lost so much blood; but, upon hearing a variety of judicious reasons from the intelligent surgeon, he

agreed to submit to his superior judgment.

I remained until so late an hour with my newly recognised relation, that the friends I had so unceremoniously left in the morning, began to think I had mistaken the way; and, as I approached the steps which led to their hospitable mansion, began rallying me upon the attractive charms of my cousin Jane.

Their hearts, however, were too exquisitely alive to the feelings of humanity, to indulge ridicule at its expence: and early the next morning my friend accompanied me to Mr. Mackintosh's, to make enquiries after his health. The natural violence of the invalid's temper, I found had displayed itself immediately after my departure; for though Donald's name had never been mentioned after the accident, he summoned the young man into his bed-room the moment I was gone, and worked himself up into such a fit of phrenzy at the poor boy's presumption, that the wound bled so copiously, Dr. Montgomery was obliged to be summoned.

Love, however, made a perfect hero of Donald, who, instead of denying, acknowledged the truth of the charge; and declared he would marry the fair damsel the next morning, if she would consent to go to the Kirk. This temerity was so completely unexpected, that the indignation it excited was beyond all bounds. Donald was not only dismissed with the most opprobrious language, but my fair cousin confined to her room, and the key given to her father; who, of course, during the whole night, never enjoyed one moment of repose.

Dorothy met me with swollen eyes and dejected countenance, and related the distressing event which had occurred, and at the same time implored me to exert my influence to obtain the young clerk's return; assuring me, that the business would go to rack and ruin, unless he was at the head.

Though neither affection nor passion had banished sleep from my eye-lids, yet I will honestly acknowledge self-interest had; still, had I not indulged the idea that, by proper tuition, the youthful Jane might become an interesting

associate, I should not have thought of bartering my happiness for all the wealth of the east; but when I reflected upon the disadvantages she had laboured under, and the favourable impression my person and manners had made upon her youthful mind, I could not help indulging the idea, that a girl of her age might be moulded into whatever form I pleased. The result of this opinion was a resolution to inform my cousin that I was determined to take his daughter for better or worse, provided she had not entered into a prior engagement with the young clerk.

Having patiently listened to Mrs. Mackintosh's recital of the circumstances which had taken place after my departure the preceding evening, I requested her husband might be made acquainted with my arrival, and asked whether he would admit me into his room. The docile mistress of the house returned in a few moments, informing me my presence was not only welcome, but desirable; I therefore, unceremoniously, entered the sick chamber, and was shocked at perceiving my relation's countenance either flushed with fever or rage.

"I wish you had been with me last night," said Mackintosh, (without replying to the inquiry I had made, as to the state of his health;) "for, I flatter myself, you would have had spirit enough to have broken that aspiring puppy Donald's neck down stairs."

"Yet in trying the strength of his neck, my dear sir," I replied, in a jocular accent, "I must have displayed some regard for my own."—"Don't ridicule a serious subject!" exclaimed the invalid, in a tone of indignation; "for, I tell you, the young rascal had the impudence to inform me he would marry my daughter the next morning, if she would accompany him to church; and, if you have a grain of the Mackintosh's spirit in you, surely you would have broken the fellow's neck for such a piece of presumption; particularly recollecting, he was but a parish-boy when I took him into my house."

"I should certainly have been tempted to break his head, had I heard such a declaration escape him, you may de-

pend upon it, my good sir," I replied; "yet surely my fair cousin must have given him some encouragement, or he would not have ventured to make such a speech."

"Encouragement! encouragement!" he exclaimed, almost suffocated with indignation and rage; "by the great God that made me, if I thought it possible, I would annihilate her at one blow!" I was instantly sensible of the error I had committed; but it was long before I could convince my irritated relation I had made use of the term encouragement in mere joke; and, in fact, had not Doctor Montgomery entered at that moment, and gravely informed his patient that the slightest agitation might be of the most fatal consequence, I do not believe the most serious assertions would have been able to abate his rage.

The gravity of Doctor Montgomery's features induced me to follow him out of the sick man's room, for the purpose of enquiring whether any danger was to be apprehended from the fall. The intelligent surgeon assured me that, from the state of his patient's pulse, immediate danger was to be feared; yet, as agitation of mind frequently produced an effect similar to bodily infirmity, the recent passion his patient had been in might probably be the cause; "however," continued the doctor, "I will call again in two hours, and then shall be able to form a more accurate judgment."

Returning to the sick chamber, I implored its inhabitant to release his daughter from her captivity; promising to be guarantee for the propriety of her behaviour, and for her not having an interview with the young clerk. After many arguments and intreaties, the key was drawn from under the pillow; though the precaution of locking the door was wholly unnecessary, as the room in which the prisoner was confined was beyond her father's, and no person could enter it, without passing through the invalid's.

(To be continued.)

If you incline to corpulency, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHIMERAS.

It has been wisely ordained by providence, that every man should have a certain humour and disposition peculiar to himself.—Thus, each has his particular fancy, which furnishes him with a hobby-horse, as the facetious SHANDY demonstrates in his discourse on that subject:—and this whim, or hobby-horse, contributes to the comfort and facility of his journey through life.—

If we had not always some object in view, to excite our conduct and engage our attention—how miserable and inactive would we be:—and tho' that object is often a mere chimera, and absolutely unattainable, the pursuit of it however, is not altogether useless—

Perhaps a closer examination of circumstances might convince us, that in this respect whole nations are influenced by chimeras, as well as individuals and aim in a collective capacity at what it is altogether impossible they should ever accomplish—Be this as it may;—the celebrated Fontenelle, goes so far as to declare that all the sciences have their particular chimeras: certain fancied points, after which they were, without being ever able to overtake; but which lead however to very solid acquisitions—Thus (continues he) chemistry has its philosopher stone; geometry its quadrature of the circle; astronomy its longitude; mechanics its perpetual motion; these it is impossible to find, yet it is useful to enquire after them.—

What in fact are all these but (if we may use a common term) castles in the air; and yet without them we should never set out on the roads of science.

It was by having a romantic unattainable point in view, and ever before their eyes, that the ancient, the glorious Romans, became masters of the greater part of the world; by an ardent desire of doing impossibilities, they actually effected wonders: till at length having built their castles too big for its foundation, they left what they intended for a trophy of their triumph, a melancholy monument of human weakness.—From which event posterity may draw this inference, that the whole world is but a castle in the air.—

Imagination can afford us greater happiness, than all we can be really possessed of;—in fact, it is in this alone our happiness consists.—The self created monarch in rags, though his idea may be the effect of delirium, is as great in his own mind, as the monarch who is robed and invested with crown and sceptre.—I have seen a cobbler at work with an air of as much importance, as if he was actually mending the state, and as if the administration of the country had depended upon the motion of his awl;—and with reason did he assume this air; for tho' his outward man was cobbling for the lowest in his neighborhood, he was then perhaps meditating some great exploit not inferior to that of the conquest of Canada.

But the greatest castle that either is now or ever was in the air, is the temple of fame.—It is the great essence of vacuity, and like a mathematical point, has neither length, breadth, or thickness. Its builders are the cyphers of the Earth, and its inhabitants the shades of the dead.—It is to this that vanity is ever aspiring, and when she obtains it, she possesses herself.—The desire of being a tenant of this airy mansion is so epide-mical, that it reaches to the lowest of the vulgar, and inflames the breasts of persons, who are so stupid as to be totally incapable of any other passion.—Hence it is that in the scale of chimeras, mankind are always on the ascent, —and their importance and dignity regularly increases.—Could their chimeras however take the contrary turn, how much better might it still be, both for themselves and their neighbors.—And surely if by such art, we may raise ourselves a degree in life, and enjoy superior dignities by the forgeries of imagination, we might, I should think, in like manner sink ourselves to an humbler condition; since to go down stairs is easier than to go up.—I would therefore have those persons who are in affluent circumstances, and whom providence has appointed stewards for the poor, conceive for a few moments, that they are distressed themselves, and level their castles to the humility of the cottage.—This might become as not od-

ly a harmless but very useful species of chimera, it would eradicate pride; and promote benevolence.

CUPID, A FUGITIVE.

Venus called her son, Cupid, with a loud voice, saying, if any one sees Love wandering in the public ways, he is my fugitive: the discoverer shall have a gift. Thy reward shall be a kiss from Venus: but if thou bringst him, not a mere kiss, but thou, O friend, shalt have something more.

Remarkable is the boy; amongst full twenty thou mayst know him. His body, indeed, is not white, but like fire; his eyes are somewhat fierce and flaming. The disposition of his nature is evil, sweet his talk; for what he says he does not think. His voice is as honey; but when he is angry, his mind is savage, deceitful, saying nothing truly: treacherous boy, cruelly he sports. His head is beautifully covered with hair, but his face is saucy and froward. His hands indeed are very little, but he throws far. He darts as far as Acheron, and the king of Hell. His body is naked, but his mind is covered; and winged like a bird he flies about from one to another, men or women, and rests upon their hearts. He has a very small bow, but on the bow is an arrow. His arrow is very little, but it carries as far as Heaven. Round his shoulders is a golden quiver, and within it are bitter reeds, with which he often wounds even me! All his possessions indeed are cruel, all! but much the most, his little torch, with which he inflames the sun itself. If thou shouldst catch him, bring him bound, and do not pity him. And if perchance thou seest him weeping, beware lest he deceive thee; and though he should laugh, draw him along: and if he should be inclined to kiss thee, avoid him; his kiss is dangerous, his lips are poison.

But if he should say, take these, I make thee a present of what arms I have, do not touch them: the gifts are full of deceit, they have all been dipped in fire.

A wise man, who marries a fool, dines alone all the days of his life.

SENSIBILITY OF A CAT.

(From the Hibernian Magazine.)

Upwards of a year ago, a very young female cat in my house brought forth only one kitten, which quickly died. At this she discovered great uneasiness, and went upstairs to the cook, who had been fond of her, and who at that time was indisposed, seeming to want her to come down. As soon as the servant resumed her place in the kitchen, the cat appeared to welcome her, and brought out her dead kitten, laying it down before her, as if to excite her sympathy. Soon after it had been thrown away, it happened that a hen which had been sitting began to hatch and the same servant brought away a chicken, and placed it in a basket near the fire. The young cat heard it chirp, and attempted to take it out of the basket, which the servant, supposing she wanted to kill and eat it, prevented. Soon afterwards, however, the creature accomplished her purpose; but, instead of hurting it, she carried it to her own bed, where she cherished it as if it had been a kitten. Quickly after, another chicken was brought into the house, and placed as the former had been. The cat presently took that also to her nest and treated them both as if they were her own offspring. Her attachment to them was so strong, that she would not leave them, even when the basket was repeatedly removed into a distant room, to exhibit this great curiosity to persons who wished to see it. Upon the removal of the chickens, the poor animal appeared disconsolate, and in a short time she actually died.

THE VOYAGE, AN IDYL.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

It flies! the vessel that bears Daphne to a distant shore. Ah! may only Zephyr and the loves play around her.

Waves, float gently round the vessel! When her tender looks view your idle gambols; Gods! she then, will think of me.

May the birds which inhabit the groves, that border on the shore, sing but for thee! May the shrubs and the reeds, shaken by the gentle gales, invite thee to these shades!

O sea, be thy bright surface for ever calm! Never was more beauteous object confided to thy waves. The image of the sun, reflected by thy crystal waters, is not so unsullied as her beauty.

Venus had not more charms, when she rose from the sea's resplendent foam, and mounted her silver car; when, at her aspect, the enchanted Tritons forgot their noisy sports, forgot the nymphs with bulrushes all crowned.

They regarded not the troubled looks nor sneering smiles of the jealous nymphs, while, plunged in most delightful ecstasies, their eyes still pursued the transporting goddess to the shady banks.

MORALS.

He shall recount his worthies — NAHUM.

The *good company* we shall have through the difficult and rugged paths of virtue is by no means one of the least inducements for us to travel that way. To be remembered among the worthies of the Lord, is of itself a most enlivening consideration, and must possess a decisive influence over every mind which is not degraded by habit and ruined by sin. The same principles which make us aspire to the society of respectable and honorable men, and hang down our heads in shame at being discovered among low and ignominious people, will surely, if properly directed have some influence upon every serious Christian, as to the society into which his moral conduct in this world will be liable to introduce him in the next. Who would not wish to be *recounted among his worthies*? How numerous are the invitations, how multiplied are the encouragements, and the heart cheering promises to those who will enlist on the side of holiness? Not only have they each other's strength for their mutual support in the resistance of wordly opposition and temptations, but they are engaged in the eternal cause of truth; they fight under the invincible banner of Christ, and are indeed a phalanx which is irresistible to all opposition, and which will finally be victorious. At that triumphant moment when the saints of God shall be rewarded with

the assignment of inconceivable and everlasting felicity, what breast would not palpitate at being recounted among his worthies? When the secrets of all hearts shall be investigated and laid open, when our virtues and our frailties shall be impartially exhibited to the view of angels and glorified spirits, among which number should we wish to be recounted; the contemner's of God's holy religion, or his humble followers, who are emphatically stiled his *worthies*?

Reader! can you hesitate? Oh no— Seek then in this world the society of good men; here found your pious friendship; establish virtuous habits here, and you will not find yourself a stranger, when transplanted to your new abode.

WHITE AND BLACK WOMAN.

An English paper says, that in the neighborhood of Highgate resides a married woman, aged 35 years, the whole of whose body is exactly divided by a straight line into white and black. The right side, arm, and leg, are black, and subject to eruptions; and the left side arm, and leg, altogether white. This distinction terminates at the neck, which with her face, is white. She has two children, who possess not this peculiarity.

ANECDOTE.

A few days ago a gentleman, in looking over his tailor's account, observed a charge of six or seven shillings more on a coat than he had been accustomed to pay. On enquiring, the tailor informed him "that he had been obliged to take up an additional quantity of cloth."—"Good God!" cried the gentleman, "It was scarcely half a year ago that you told me you managed to get a waistcoat for your little boy from what remained of the cloth you made my coat from, I cannot conceive why I should require more now, as I am convinced I have not increased in size since that period."—"No sir," said the taylor, "you are much the same as usual, but my little boy is so surprisingly grown, you'd scarcely know him."

Seat of the Muses.

[In our poetical department this week, we present our readers with one or two songs from the works of a poet whose name is almost synonymous with merit. The "Lady of the Lake" has passed through the ordeal of the Edinburgh review, which of itself is almost sufficient to fix upon it an indelible character.]

NOT faster yonder rower's might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from mem'ry erase,
The benefits of former days ;
Then stranger go, good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.
High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honoured meed be thine
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh
And sunken cheek and heavy eye
Pine for his highland home ;
Then warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale ;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall
smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.

THE heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken * curtain for my head,
My lullaby the wanderer's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lonely brow,

* Fern.

I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know ;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught !
For if I fall in battle sought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride, and me, Mary.

THE BALLOON.

[From the Reflector, edited by Leigh Hunt,
author of the Feast of the Poets.]

THE airy ship at anchor rides ;
Proudly she heaves her painted sides,
Impatient of delay ;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift ! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky ;
And now a speck in ether tost,
A moment seen, a moment lost,
She cheats the dazzled eye.

Bright wonder ! thee no flapping win ,
No labouring oar, no bounding spring
Urge on thy fleet career ;
By native buoyancy impelled,
Thy easy flight was smoothly held
Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
No cloud at breezy dawn,
No leaf adown the summer tide
More effortless is seen to guide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour,
Shall summon from thy airy tower,
Rapid in prone descent ;
Methinks I see thee earthward borne,
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
Thy breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring Fancy's pen sublime,
Thus Love's bright wings are clipped by
Time ;

Thus Hope, her soul elate,
Exhales amidst this grosser air ;
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by Care,
And Genius yields to Fate !

THEY say Old Save-all rakes by night,
And raking doth admire ;
Yes, yes, cries Jack, they say what's right,
He rakes—his garret fire.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY DECEMBER 3, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The foreign news this week, brought by the cartel schr. Chauncey, from Ostend, is to Nov. 1, from that place; but as yet nothing has transpired from head-quarters about the despatches brought by this vessel. Letters received at Wilmington (Del.) by this arrival, dated Ghent, Oct. 26, say, "The negotiations were still pending; but in the opinion of our Commissioners, with views on the part of the British government, exclusively to her own purposes, and not with any direct intention of making peace between the two countries.

"England was anxious to see the campaign closed in this country, and would be regulated in her demands by the good or ill fortune which should attend her prospects here. She would also be disposed to wait the issue of the Congress at Vienna, before she would close the negotiation one way or the other.

"Our Commissioners did not expect to return before spring.

"There was a great probability that there would be a conflict between France and England for the Netherlands."

The ship Jenny, as a cartel, has arrived here with 38 passengers, and about 70 seamen mostly of the crews of the Frolic and Wasp, from Dartmouth, (Eng.) where it is said 4000 American prisoners are confined. This ship left England the 29th October but brings little news of importance.

The enemy's official account of the capture of Washington, states their loss at 64 killed, and 187 wounded. They also state their loss in their attack on Baltimore, at 39 killed, and 241 wounded.

The General Armstrong, privateer of this port, carrying 18 guns, has been destroyed in the port of Fayal, (one of the Western Islands, belonging to the Portuguese) by the boats from a British squadron, and the Carnation frigate, after a desperate resistance, in which it is said they lost 135 killed and wounded, including 3 lieutenants of the frigates. The crew of the privateer, it appears effected their escape ashore. Her loss as yet unknown.

A letter from Erie, of Nov. 21, says, "that gen. M^rArthur had been down to Long-Point, and had burnt three mills, and captured 300 embodied militia, and parolled them.

The privateer Cadet, of Salem, has arrived with her prize, laden with dry goods, valued at \$150,000, at an eastern port.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Boston on Monday last, and at Ipswich 30 miles N. E. of Boston.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Doctor Milledolar, Mr. Cornelious W. Lawrence, to Miss Maria Prall.

By the rev. Mr. Richardson, James Culver, Esq. of Dutches Co. to Miss Sally Chatterton, of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

Suddenly, Mr. Daniel Jepson, aged 39.

In the 44th year of her age, Lettice, wife of Dr. Henry M. Van Solingen.

Mr. James West, aged 59

Mrs. Mary Collett, aged 84.

DEATH OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

The National Intelligencer of November 24, says "This day we have a melancholy duty to perform. Another of the worthies of the revolution, the tried patriot and consistent politician, the second officer of our government, the venerable GERRY is no more! Yesterday, between the hours of ten and eleven, he breathed his last. His death was as sudden as it was unexpected. In apparent health, he presided in the Senate during an arduous sitting on the preceding day fifteen minutes before his death; although in his seventieth year, he bade fair to outlive many of those who read these lines! At a few minutes warning, the thread of life was cut, and his spirit winged its flight to happier realms. The circumstances of the death of our lamented fellow-citizen, ELBRIDGE GERRY, were nearly these. He breakfasted at the common table at his boarding house, at the usual hour, in apparent health, with the exception of a transient complaint of slight oppression at his breast. A short time afterwards he went out on business to one of the public offices, a few yards distant only from his lodgings, where, after a few minutes, he found himself indisposed, and intimated a wish to return to his residence. Being placed again in the carriage, he was re-conveyed to his lodgings. On the arrival of the carriage there, he was found to be insensible, and expired immediately after, almost without a groan or sigh."

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance.